Crack upon Crack :

OR,

CRACK-FART

Whipt with his own ROD,

By Litt and Bumpkin.

If Crack-Fart *drawn unto the Life you'ld ſee,*
Loe here he hangs in formal Effigie :
His Writings were ſo Foul, as all ſuppoſe
They'l Poiſon us ! Good Reader ſtop your Noſe.

Litt. WEll overtaken, honeſt *Bumpkin*; what, your Whip in your hand man? Prithee what's that for? and why ſo much in haſte?

Bump. Dear honeſt *Litt*, never better met than now; I am now going about a Buſineſs of extraordinary Importance, and your preſence (if you pleaſe to accompany me) will be extream uſeful and neceſſary : I am going in ſearch of that Diſſembling Tool who Nick-names himſelf *Trueman*, though indeed the meereſt *Crack-fart* in the World. Don't you remember him *Litt*?

Litt. Remember him, I that I do, too well; the firſt time you know, like a cunning Sophiſter, he bolted out of a Cloſet to ſurprize us, a ſecond time he intruded into our Company in our walk to *Hampſted*, and then obtruded thoſe things upon us we never imagined.

Bump. Right, right *Litt*; But if I do not give him a Lace to his fine Coat (if I can but ſet eyes on him) as long as this Whip laſts, never believe man more for my ſake.

Litt. Well ſaid *Bumpkin*, and I'll aſſiſt thee with this Cat of Nine-tails; for to ſay the Truth, I always took him to be a ſharp-witted Logician, without the leaſt Dram of Honeſty; and now the Sophiſter has ſhowed us a fair pair of heels.

Bump. Pox on't, who'd think a man in his Coat ſhould ſerve us ſo?

Litt. Think *Bumpkin*, why I always thought no other; for to ſay the truth, How could you reaſonably expect he would ſtay to hazard his Neck? Come come, think what you will, I know he is a meer *Hocus*, and no better.

Bump. But whither *Litt* do'ſt intend to go to find him?

Citt. Firſt *Bumpkin*, I'll tell the whither I have been to look him, and afterwards where I intend to go, upon his own words in his *Appeal*, I conceived he might very fairly have hanged himſelf in his Cloſet, ſince he ſo fairly took his laſt Farewel of the World; but upon ſearch I found it a notable Cheat, the Bird was flown, but had left ſuch a poiſonous ſtink of Sedition behind him, that at firſt I Proteſt I took his Cloſet for a Common-Shore; to ſay the truth, I was almoſt ſtifled.

Bump. Say you ſo man? why I thought Sedition could not enter there.

Citt. Not enter there! Faith ſuch another word *Bumpkin*, will make you and I fall out; what do ye think I tell ye a Lie? Let me aſſure ye, I verily believe *Machiavel* himſelf never invented the Hundredth part of ſo many Political Myſteries of Villany as are there extant.

Bump. Say'ſt thou ſo *Citt*? well but go on, where haſt thou been elſe in ſearch for Monſieur *Crack*?

Citt. Why next I went to enquire for him at Mr. *B. H*---'s, but he poor man Proteſts he had not ſeen him never ſince he Publickly abſented himſelf, and to tell thee the truth, for ought I underſtand, he has ſhowed him but a kind of a ſlippery trick.

Bump. As how pray?

Citt. Why I'll tell thee *Bumpkin*, This *B. H.*--- is a man who has an itching deſire for the Philoſopher's Stone, which our *Crack* (for *Trueman* is not his right Name) promiſed to help him to in a ſmall time; and to ſay the truth, he had ſo great Confidence in his words, that he hardly conceived himſelf Inferior to the King of *Morocco*; in the mean time, our ſly Politician *Crack*, makes an exchange with his Chapman (*viz.*) Waſt Paper for good Gold, aſſuring him withal, nothing could more ſpeedily effect his deſire; but ſince *Crack* has abſented himſelf, his poor Chapman is ready to gnaw his Thumbs off, as a revenge for his Folly, and looks as Pale in the Face, as the old Woman that broke her Jaws with eating thick Milk at *Iſlington*.

Bump. Troth *Citt.* you make me Laugh at this humour; but where elſe have you been in his ſearch pray?

Citt. Why I'll tell you *Bumpkin*, my next and laſt Journey was to *M.*---Coffee-Houſe, and I miſt of him there but very narrowly; for he had left his old ſcent behind him, the very Room was perfum'd by the ſcent he left; I thereupon paid for my Diſh, and thought to track him by the ſcent, which I forthwith did, but with no ſucceſs; and now honeſt *Bumpkin*, if thou wilt accompany me, I'll tell thee whither I deſign next to go in ſearch of this Animal.

Bump. Honeſt dear *Citt*, tell me preſently, for I proteſt my Fingers itch to have a fling at his Arſe, he hath ſo notoriouſly abuſed us both; I hope you'll Second me.

Citt. If I don't *Bumpkin*, take me for a half-Spirited Fool; and I am ſure you know better.

Bump. Come then, let's jogg on, and talk on it as we go.

Citt. 'Tis done *Bumpkin*, agreed.

Bump. But which way ſhall we ſteer our Courſe *Citt*, and not loſe our labour? for I am ſtark wild till I find him.

Citt. Faith my Opinion is, if we could find but a Cabal of Jeſuiſts, we ſhould find him Spoakſman to the Company; you know he is a Plaguy Fellow, and has his Pen and Tongue at will.

Bump. Troth well thought on, but now I conſider better, theſe Vermin are ſo diſguiſed, that it is as hard to find them, as the Party we look for; they are a

ſort

ſort of Plaguy cunning Shifters, and play ſo many *Hocus Pocus* Tricks, that if we ſhould by chance hit in among them, we ſhould ſcarce know them in Maſquerade.

Citt. Truly *Bumpkin*, I fear ſo too; but however 'tis but Labour loſt, let's venture however.

Bump. Well then, let's firſt ſteer our Courſe towards the water ſide, and call a Boat, and go on Board the *Vanherring*, my life for yours he has no ſmall Acquaintance amongſt the *Mahometans*.

Citt. I care not much if we do, and I believe it a very probable Courſe; but how ſhall we do to get him on ſhore if we chance to find him; for we muſt not attempt any thing on Board.

Bump. Faith *Citt*, I'll tell thee, Let us each take the care to provide us a Garment that may beſpeak us *Mahometans*, and we may happily effect our Deſires. What think ye?

Citt. But I cannot well ſpeak their Language.

Bump. Why *Citt*, I did not take thee before to be ſo much a Child, or a Novice, they all ſpeak the ſame Language as we do as to Outward appearance; when we are thus accoutred, you need ſay no more, but that a Friend would ſpeak with him at the Pope's-Head, and he immediately comes on ſhore.

Citt. Come then, let's go, and fit our ſelves with a convenient Garb, and away as faſt as we can.

Bump. Let's ſtrike into this Shop then, and furniſh our ſelves.

Citt. Done, Done *Bumpkin*, I'll go firſt in, and try what may be done.

They Enter the Shop, and Citt *Cheapens.*

Citt. Pray Sir, Have you any Diſguiſes for Maſquerade?

Shopkeeper. Yes Sir, Yes, Pray walk in, here's Choice ſufficient; How would you have them trim'd pray?

Citt. I would have them trim'd with a competent Shoulder-Knot of ſeeming Honeſty, my Coat lin'd with Equivocations; in a word Sir, you know what belongs to a true *Mahometan* Dreſs; Pray let's have two of the neweſt Faſhion, one for my Self, another for my Friend.

Bump. Hold *Citt*, hold, let me ſpeak to the Gentleman; Pray Sir, let's have each an entire Suit, except a Hempen Cravat, for that begins to grow out of Faſhion.

Shopkeeper. You ſhall Gentlemen; Look here's two, I can afford you a good Pennyworth in Choice goods on my word.

Bump. Well Sir, your price?

Shopkeeper. In a word Sir, the two Suits are worth 12 *l.* as well as a Jeſuit is worth a Halter; but I'll abate you Six Shillings in the two, becauſe you take them together.

Citt. There's your Money Sir, Farewel.

Bump. Come now to the Pope's-Head, and on with 'um preſently; a fine Pennyworth I proteſt, if it catch the Bird.

Citt. Never fear *Bumpkin*, the Buſineſs is as good as done.

Bump. Well *Citt*, never believe me more, if you don't look as like *Crack* in Maſquerade in this Garb, as any man living.

Citt. And you the like. Come let's aboard.

[*They Enter the Ship, being entertained and kindly welcomed by the* Mahometans.]

Mahom.

Mahom. Welcom Aboard Gentlemen, Kindly welcom; Pray who would you ſpeak withal.

Citt. Is one Mr. *Trueman* Aboard pray?

Mahom. Yes Gentlemen, but betwixt you and I, he is forc'd to keep his Cabbin Cloſe, ſince our Council of Officers laſt ſat; for ſeveral Laudable Performances in Vindication of our Intereſt.

Bump. We have heard as much, and therefore come to pay our reſpects to him for his worthy Service.

Mahom. Stay Gentlemen, if you pleaſe I will carry you to him, you are Friends I hope.

Citt. & *Bump.* both. } I hope you take us for no other Sir; if you do, farewel.

Mahom. Nay, Stay Gentlemen, I'll call him to ye.

Mr. Trueman *appears on Deck.*

Citt. Ah! Mr. *Trueman*, How have you faired this many a day, ſince you abſconded your ſelf for our Intereſt?

Tru. Truly Gentlemen, I do not very well know you.

Bump. O lack Sir, grown out of knowledge already, I'm ſorry for it; Don't you remember your fellow Clubbers at the Pope's-Head?

Tru. Cry you mercy, Gentlemen, I can expect no deceit to lurk under this Garb, accompanied with ſo fair a Token, you are welcom on Board heartily.

Citt. But we muſt requeſt your Company on ſhore upon ſome Emergent Occaſions at the Pope's-Head, no farther, you ſhall not ſtay Sir.

Tru. Huſh, ſtep into the Boat, I'll go with you.

[Trueman *brought aſhore*, Citt *and* Bumpkin *Caſt off their Diſguiſe.*]

Tru. Betray'd, betray'd as I live; Hell and Ten thouſand Devils confound your Viſit. [Bumpkin *handles his Whip.*]

Bump. Say you ſo Sir; There's that for you, in recompence for your laſt Cloſet Surprizal; I have not forgot it yet.

[Citt *claws him off with his Cat of Nine-Tails.*]

Citt. And that Sir, for your Company to *Hampſted*; Could you not be contented, you Scoundrel, to ruine your Country as much as lay in your Power, but ſtrive to make us acceſſary to the Cutting our own Throats in a formal Diſguiſe; and then make us believe you had hang'd your ſelf.

Tru. Your Pardon Gentlemen, upon my Knees I beg it.

Citt. And upon your Knees you ſhall receive your Puniſhment, and had done ſometime ſince, had you not abſconded your ſelf like a Raſcal as you are: Come, come *Bumpkin*, have at his hide,

[Citt *and* Bumpkin *belabouring him.*]

Loe Citt *and* Bumpkin *Loyalty do ſhow,*
I paying thoſe juſt Debts they Crack-Fart *owe.*

FINIS.

Printed for *R. J.* 1680.

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